THE

Jene Scai Quoi

A NEW SONG.

YOUR wiſe men all declare,
Of the thing ſo ſtrange and rare,
The Globe ſearch around thro' great Nature's law
A woman bears the belle,
And why they cannot tell,
Tis the myſtical charms of the Jene ſcai quoi.

See the Dutcheſs Queen of Love,
The graceful minuet move,
What pencil or pen can ſuch beauties draw?
Say why each heart is fir'd,
And why by all admir'd,
For the myſtical charms of the Jene ſcai-quoi.

The lovely city dame,
Dear cauſe of many a flame,
Each ſmart ſwears he ne'er ſuch a beauty ſaw,
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips, brilliant eyes?
No, the myſtical charms of the Jene ſcai quoi.

Behold the village maid,
By Nature's hand array'd,
In her ſtockings green and hat of ſtraw,
Is love in dimpl'd cheek,
Or the roſes of her cheek?
No, the myſtical charms of the Jene ſcai quoi.